

## A Maine Law Argument.

The New York Times draws the following painful and disgusting picture of drunkenness in that city. A stronger Maine Law argument we have not, for a long time, seen. What man, calling himself a good citizen, could look on this picture, and not at once throw all his influence in favor of the quick repression of a traffic, that can show not one good result to set off against its myriads of evil consequences:

"Last Sunday night, in a walk from Nassau street to South Ferry, we had ample food for comment upon the fourth commandment. Broadway was a perfect hell of drunkenness—a howling, staggering pandemonium of bestialized men. The sidewalks were traversed by men in every stage of intoxication, reeling to and fro like ships in a storm. The air was laden with snatches of drunken songs, fragments of filthy language, or incoherent shouts from those who were too drunk to articulate. Drunkenness in every dark lane and alley, only discovered by its disgusting ravings. Drunkenness in the wide lamp-lit streets, staggering along with swimming head, paralyzed limbs, and countenance of imbecile sensuality. Drunkenness lying in the kennel, stentoriously respiring its fetid breath. Drunkenness clinging to the lamp-posts. Drunkenness coiled up on the doorsteps, waiting to be robbed or murdered. Drunkenness screaming on the tops of solitary omnibuses, or hanging half out of the windows of belated hackney-cabs, and disturbing the night with incoherent melodies. Drunkenness walking apparently steadily along, laughing idiotically to itself, and thickly rehearsing the drunken jokes, the drunken songs, the drunken indecencies, that adorn the convivial meeting it has just left. Drunkenness waiting at the ferries, snoring on benches, quarrelling with its drunken company, or falling off the edge of the pier into the water and being fished out half sober."

## At Home in the Evening.

One of the grossest neglects of a youth, producing incalculable mischief and ruin, is the spending of his evenings. Darkness is temptation to misconduct; suffering the young to be out when the light of day does not restrain them from misconduct; training them to it. We have already an abundant harvest of this seedling. Riots, mobs, crimes, giving fearful foreboding, are the results, youths becoming fit agents of outrage, by running uncared for in the evenings. What we see in these respects is deplorable enough—but what is this compared with what we do not see—multitudes making themselves miserable and noxious to the world, and what is that to come to? Parents should look at the truth, that pleasure and recreations are often dearly purchased—the price of their own impaired comfort, and the blighted prospects of their offspring. It must be obvious, that in this matter there can be no prescribed rule. There can be no interior of all the evening recreation and employment, yet there is an evil, not only destructive to youth, but planting thorns in many paths and covering many lives with desolation. The information demanded must proceed at from judgment and conscience—must be enlightened. Heads of families must learn that the place on earth best adapted to a blessing, is home; and by example and wholesome restraint, they must teach this truth to all under them.

Mystery magnifies danger, as a fog the sun; the hand that warned Belshazzar, derived its horrifying influence from the want of a body.

**BLANNERHASSETT'S SLAVE.**—The Jefferson (Texas) Herald tells the following:—At the Refuge plantation of Capt. James O. Scott, is an old negro man, the property of the Captain, who formerly belonged to Blennerhassett. He was on Blennerhassett's Island at the time the force of militia was sent to arrest him for his connection with the Burr conspiracy. He remembers distinctly and can relate many incidents in connection with the rumaging and mutilation of his master's elegant mansion on that occasion, and speaks indignantly of the outrage and insult to his mistress, who, it will be remembered, remained there after the flight of her husband. He describes Aaron Burr as being the finest gentleman he ever saw, and says "white women in these days can't come up to what Mrs. Blennerhassett was." When speaking of Blennerhassett and his family, the old slave is often moved to shed tears.

In the opinion of Mr. Yellowplush, there is no greater nuisance in this world than a house where fainting is always going on. Yellowplush is right. If anything will excuse drowning in a water butt, it is a wife who is continually going into hysterics, because she imagines a lot of burglars are coming down 'the front chimney.' It was the remark of an early Roman, that if a man can't have a comfortable life, he will have a jolly one; which means that the husband that is hen-pecked at home will seek for consolation in warm drink and all-night restaurants. Young married dimity will please make a note.

There was some considerable meaning in the reply given to a rich, pompous and "within bounds" hard drinker, (who every day drank just too much, and not much too much,) by a toper who would get drunk whenever he had an opportunity; "Jim, why do you make a beast of yourself in this way? Why don't you drink as I do?" "I w-would, Colonel, if I had the means—haven't the m-m-eans, Colonel." The bystanders, who well knew how much more the Colonel could and did drink than his weaker-headed brother, laughed loud and long at this 'palpable hit.'—*Knickerbocker*.

**A STRANGE VISITOR AT THE CITY HALL.**—About 11 o'clock yesterday morning, the carved eagles upon the City Hall received an illustrious visitor. One of the original birds of the forest—some said a hawk, others an eagle—came down from the woods to pay his wooden prototypes upon the flag-staffs of the Hall a friendly visit. He first lighted upon the staff over the north-west corner, and sat for some minutes, peering down into the Supreme Court room, apparently looking for some bigger rascal than his own thieving self. Not being able to look quite down to the basement, he lifted up his wings and went over to the south-west corner, and made his perch upon the back of that eagle and settled down very quietly, with a complacent flap of the wings, as much as to say, "Ha, ha, I have found them at last." And then he looked down with an eagle eye into the chamber of the Board of Aldermen, and through that into the Chief of Police's Office. After a while he got up, shook himself with an air of contempt, and then remarked to the crowd below, who stood agape with stupid wonder: "I will go now to the woods, and steal a few more lambs and chickens with a tolerable clear conscience, since I have seen how much greater thieves than me are honored in the city."—*N. Y. Tribune*.

Deep sorrow hath no tongue.

**A MEAN BUSINESS.**—There are many questionable methods of earning a livelihood pursued in every community. Some are decidedly disreputable, and the public voice is liberal in its well-deserved censures against them; but there is one very mean business which we think is not sufficiently reprobated. A man stands behind a dirty counter, and spends his time, the sacred trust of Heaven, in administering to his fellow-men, for a trifling consideration, the instrument of their ruin. For little gain, he is willing systematically to decoy the wretched inebriate into his den, to furnish him with the means of destruction, and to beggar and degrade his unoffending and helpless family. The drunkard spends his all for the loathsome luxury in which he deals, and passes rapidly through the several stages of decay, towards a hopeless grave. A heart-broken wife and famished children are left to struggle with the pains and humiliation of unpitied poverty, and eke out a miserable existence to the bitter end, and still the monster minister of crime coolly and cheerfully continues his trade without remorse, completely satisfied with his diabolical calling. We say it is a mean business—one of the meanest that human depravity can pursue, and one that public sentiment should be so concentrated against those who adopt it, as to render them at the same time both impotent and infamous!—*Weekly Post*.

**THE TOUCHSTONE.**—Chilon, one of the seven wise men of Greece, was passing by a goldsmith's shop, and he saw how the latter rubbed a piece of metal against a stone, and they carefully examined the stone.

"What art thou doing?" asked the wise man.

"I am testing gold by this touchstone, in order to find out its worth," was the answer.

"So then, you are testing one touchstone by another," replied Chilon; "for gold is the touchstone of the human heart, by which we may discover whether it be good or evil."

"Is thy touchstone infallible, like mine?" asked the goldsmith.

"It is infallible," replied Chilon; "for I have never found a wise or noble man, who did not despise this base metal; while, on the other hand, the ignoble make it the idol of their hearts."

**ECCLESIASTICAL TURNPIKES.**—"Aye, John," said a country preacher to one of his flock, whom he had missed for a go many Sundays from the Free Church, "aye, John, so I'm told you've begun to think that we are not in the right road, and that you are going back to the Establishment?" "Weel, sir," was the reply, "I winna deny but that I ha'e been ganging that gate, and I canna just say that I've any serious o'turning back in the mean time. But dinna thing, minister, that I ha'e any fault to find wi' you road; it's a braw road; doubtless a safe road; but, eh sir, the tolls are awful dear."

The bar-rooms are thronged with a class who take a very deep interest in the welfare of the farmer—fear the adoption of the Maine Law will injure the price of coarse grain. If such kind-hearted individuals will send a bushel of grain to the poor, which rum has made, we will believe they care a straw for their neighbors. The members of the bar have warm sympathies. They care nothing for themselves—it's all for the farmers.

Application to business is worth more in this country than to be born the heir to a fortune, for he who struggles to achieve a competence, learns at the same time how to retain it.

**WOMAN.**—Do you love her? Has she not left home, her parents, her sisters, brothers, her friends, all, for you? Do you love her? Has familiarity led you to carelessness? Have you forgotten the vows you made before Heaven's tribunal? Have time and the troubles incident on all life made her physically less favorable in your eyes? Have you forgotten that all her youth, her hopes, her aspirations for that sphere that all honorable women cover, were pledged to you, and have you cherished her, and are you true to her in all? If you are, then she is happy, and you have acted a part to be applauded by your fellow-men, and you will receive one day your recompense of reward.

But, on the other hand, have you become satiated? Have you forgotten the being you swore to cherish? Have you left her to her own resources, and by your continual absence and neglect, caused her to pine in solitude, like a meek yet gentle sufferer? If you have, remember, oh, man! you will one day pay the penalty of your neglect.

**TRUTH AND FLATTERY.**—A very sage philosopher most truly declares, that "the only benefit we reap from flattery is, that by hearing what we are not, we may learn what we ought to be." But, alas! we greatly fear that even this advantage is rarely reaped from it, from the fact that it is more agreeable to us to hear what we are not, if it be favorable to us, than what we are, or what we ought to be. No, no! if we have one single friend in the world, let that friend be honest, and speak as he thinks. How little of plain dealing there is among men; how few there are who will speak to us the plain, unvarnished truth! Why is it so? Because "flattery can sit in the parlor, while plain dealing is kicked out of doors." We are now about to make a truthful statement: "He that reviles me, calls me a fool; but he that flatters me, if I take not heed, will make me one."

**WORK.**—There is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in work. Were he ever so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works; in idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Doubt, desire, sorrow, remorse, indignation, despair itself—all these, like hell-dogs, lie beleaguering the soul of the poor day-worker as of every man: bends himself with free valor against his task, and all these are stilled—all these shrink murmuring far off into their caves.—*Thomas Carlyle*.

It is interesting to hear those who have not a dollar at stake in society, and who have beggared their own families, going into lamentations about the ruin which will follow the prohibition of the liquor traffic. No more drunkards made, families beggared or paupers to support. Who can help going into mourning over the thought of such a calamity?

"Ah Doctor, does the cholera affect the higher awdow?" asked an exquisite of a celebrated physician in New Orleans.

"No," replied the M. D.; "but it's death on fools, and you'd better leave the city immediately."

An Irishman, who acted as porter to one of the banks in Boston, lost his bunch of keys one day. In a great state of alarm, he ran up and down the street crying.

"Lost! lost! a bunch of keys! I'll not be after telling you what keys they were, for they were the keys of the bank!"